

# Coates Interprets Brahms Symphony In Eloquent Form

## Brings Out Full Beauty and Strength of the Work in Concert: Pianoforte Concerto by Delius Is Heard

By H. E. Krehbiel

It was a good thing to get rid of the taste of frumpy sentimentality and labored preciosity which Mr. Stokowski's performance of Brahms's third symphony last Tuesday evening left in the mouths of the lovers of healthy music and the admirers of that composer. Mr. Coates helped to that act of purification by playing the work at a concert of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. One does not need to be affected by the Brahms cult or be a Brahmsian of least emotional type to know that, however abstruse and excessively recondite his music may seem, he was at least a virtile composer to whom mere prettinesses were anathema and dalliance with musical affectations utterly obnoxious and revolting. His music is strong meat for strong men. So Mr. Coates conceives the F major symphony to be, and so he presented it yesterday—straightforwardly, clearly, eloquently, a thing of bone and sinew, imbued with the beauty of strength and the strength of beauty. We might have wished that the cyclopean masses of the principal subject of the first movement had been permitted to come tumbling from their splendid heights a little more precipitantly, that there had been a little less restraint of the melody's exuberant joyousness, but there was little else in the work to be longed for which the audience did not get. The performance was worthy of the work and brought a fine concert to a dignified and uplifting conclusion.

For reasons not explained, the promised novelty, Mr. Balfour Gardiner's "Conquest Overture," was omitted from the list, but Mr. Coates's purpose to acquaint New York's music-lovers with the music of the English composers of today found expression in a performance of Frederick Delius's pianoforte concerto in C minor, the solo part of which was played by Mr. Percy Grainger, whose personal popularity helped it to an enthusiastic reception. It was due to Mr. Grainger's interest in the composition that the patrons of the Philharmonic Society were privileged to hear it a little more than six years ago. Not the least significant fact about the concerto is that in its first subject, and the more luscious melody of its slow movement, it reflects the spirit of the American country in which it was born. It was conceived on a Florida plantation owned by his father which Mr. Delius visited as a youth and where he fell under the influence of the American country. This influence is most obvious in the slow section (the concerto has three movements, which are played without pauses between them), even which there broods a melancholy charm like that exhaled by many of the old slave songs. Mr. Grainger was too desirous to keep the marks always flying to permit of the "feeling" to become manifest, though Mr. Coates showed fine appreciation of it in his treatment of the orchestral part.

The concert began with eight Russian folk-melodies set for orchestra by Lisloff. Two or three of them had been heard before at concerts delectably by Lisloff. The heavy-hearted, some say, a daintily humorous it was set down on yesterday's program as "I danced with a gnat," but heretofore has been called "Mourning Song" or others wildly hilarious, no less than their exquisite settings by Lisloff, makes them worthy of repeated performance.

## On the Screen

### 'Love's Redemption,' at Strand. Nice Story Nicely Told: Other Offerings

By Harriette Underhill

'Love's Redemption' is a very nice picture made from a very nice story by Andrew Soutar, which was called 'On Principle.' Norma Talmadge is the star and the picture is the feature at the Strand this week. One reason we liked this picture is because the story is told so sanely by actors who never overact. There are none of those misunderstandings which might be elevated up with a word, but which never are. Whenever you see anything like a misunderstanding approaching, do not worry. It is only going to be a more complete understanding, because people in the picture act like people in real life and speak out. When Miss Talmadge is persuaded that she will not make the right sort of wife for Har-

# Mme. Calve Sings With Old-Time Vigor and Color

## Carnegie Hall Filled to Hear Famous Diva in a Generous and Vividly Presented Program of Songs

By H. E. Krehbiel

Yesterday was marked by an event of unusual interest in the musical life of New York—the return of Emma Calve. Her recital at Carnegie Hall, yesterday afternoon, however, was not the occasion of her first appearance in America since the days of her operatic triumphs. Her Carmen was again heard here several years ago, and, on another visit, she appeared in vaudeville, singing songs of France and the Habanera and Chanson Boheme from the opera with which her fame has been chiefly associated.

Remembering her as the Carmen of Carmen, before she sacrificed art to capricious of mood and temperament, many are inclined to forget her achievements in other roles, her Santuzza, for example, and her exquisitely pathetic Ophelia. These landmarks in her career, however, bear remembering. Naturally there was curiosity to see and hear Mme. Calve again, and the hall was crowded. Looking little older than upon her last visit, the singer wore than filled the stage with the spell of her personality. Dressed in a magenta velvet robe with flowing sleeves, she did not remain within the limits of conventional stage behavior customary with recital givers, but allowed free rein to the dictates of her mood, interpreting her songs at will, with eloquent and dramatic features. Time has dealt gently with her voice. In fact, most of the former color is still present and the enchanting timbre of her tones is still preserved.

Her program was a generous one and included Gounod's 'Moulin Rouge' from 'Carmen,' three old French songs, the aria 'Casta Diva' from Bellini's 'Norma,' songs by Beethoven, Carissimi, Monteverdi, Martini, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Chaminade, Valverde and, of course, the Habanera and Chanson Boheme from 'Carmen.' This program gave wide scope for Mme. Calve's interpretative powers and intensity, and whether her songs were those more often to be found in the repertoire of a diseuse, as the old French songs, or those by Beethoven, Carissimi and Rimsky-Korsakoff, or operatic arias, Mme. Calve held her audience spellbound and aroused hearty enthusiasm.

Theodore Kosloff is the real star in 'The Lane That Had No Turning.' Sir Gilbert Parker's story which has been put on the screen by Victor Fleming and is presented by Adolph Zukor at the Rivoli, this week, is a novel of the advertised star, but the roll of Madeline is entirely subservient to that of Louis Raciné, the unfortunate seigneur, who saved the French flag and forgot that he was a British subject.

Mr. Kosloff gives a magnificent performance of a first-class actor. His gift of pantomime has been used to good advantage ever since he drew attention to himself in a very small role in 'The Woman God Forgot,' a few seasons back.

The story opens with the wedding of Madeline and Louis. She is a blacksmith's daughter who has won fame with her voice. It is a distant cousin of the old seigneur, who dies suddenly without a will. At the wedding feast the news is brought to Louis that he has inherited his old relative's title and estate, and at the same moment a disagreeable old servant creeps up to warn him that there have been luncheons in every generation, and that it is his turn, since enough, while his beloved young wife is in Europe on an operative tour, the dread hum gradually appears, and to make matters worse Haddon Hamilton arrives at this time with a letter from the deceased seigneur saying: 'I am leaving you everything in my will.' And now to find the will! Aye, there's the rub!

The story is a distinct departure from anything that has been done on the screen before, and therefore would be welcome if it had nothing else to recommend it. We are not sure whether this picture is going to be to the liking of a majority of the spectators, but emphatically it is to our liking. Only once did it verge on the maudlin, but we are of the opinion that it would accept his advances, and he had seen her only once before, and she seemed like a decent sort of fellow, and then he became still more honest when he said: 'I was a cynic, but you have made me believe in women. I didn't know there were any like you.' Oh, why couldn't they have left out that very old stuff!

Mahlon Hamilton is his usual handsome, dignified self as Fournel, and Agnes Ayres is attractive as the young wife, but, as we said before, the laurels go to Kosloff. There is no one who can pile on the agony and enjoy it like those sad-eyed, temperamental Russians. Others in the cast are Milton Taylor, Frank Campbell, and Lillian Leighton. The scenario was made by Eugene Mullin.

The only other picture feature on the program is 'The Bride's Play,' with Gladys Farrar, Wallace Reid and Pedro de Cordoba. This picture has been synchronized with the music of Bizet's opera and takes half an hour in the showing. It was at the Rialto last week. 'Victoria Kruger does a dance from 'The Firebird.'

At the Rialto Marion Davies is appearing in 'The Bride's Play.' This will be reviewed tomorrow. 'Theodora' remains at the Capitol.



Illustration of a woman in a dress, likely related to the 'That Warm, Comfy Feeling' advertisement.

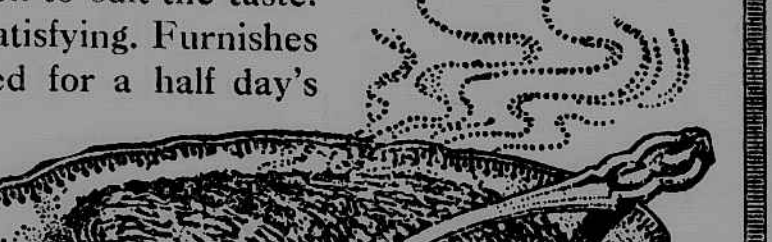
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